

UNLOADING THE GOODS

it was
 after 8 hours as a stockboy
 wearing a green smock
and pushing my wagon full of goods
 through the aisles
 listening to the complaints
of the neurotic and sexy sales girls
 that I came home to my place again
 and she was gone
again.

I went down to the same bar
 and there she was sitting.
 she looked up and all the men
moved away from her.

"take it easy now, Hank," said the barkeep.
 I sat down next to her.

 "how's it going?" I asked.
"listen," she said, "I haven't been here
 long."

 "I'll have a beer," I told the
 barkeep.

"I'm sorry," she said.

 "for what?" I asked.

 "this is a nice place. I
don't blame you."

 "what is it with you?" she asked.

 "you're acting crazy."

I drank my beer slowly.

 then I put the glass down and walked out.

it was a perfect night

 I'd left her where I had

 found her

 even though her clothes were in the closet

 and she'd be back

 it was the ending

I was making it end

 and I went into the next bar

 sat down and ordered a beer

knowing

 that what I once thought would be hard

 was easy

and I got the beer and drank it

 and it tasted better

 than any beer

I had had

 in the two years that

 I had known her.